

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 3.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER IV.

"Jealousy! thou green-eyed monster, thou hast not come into my world, and never will," I said, as the next morning, I seated myself at the little window where poor Mrs. Smith used to sit and sigh. "Jealousy! thou art the quintessence of meanness, passion of low souls—one drop of the poison will make a devil of an angel—thank heaven, I can never be so tempted with it; and yet I'm sorry this little house of ours has ever known its power. I shall be thinking of poor, jealous Mrs. Smith whenever I sit down at this window. I'll try another," and I moved my sewing-chair to the opposite window; but now I could not see the meadow path, nor the Sunset Porch, nor know when Fanny was coming, or see her fluttering like a butterfly around the large yard in front of her house. I was not at my ease, either, for my work table was near the old place; so after sitting awhile I moved back, resolved to think of something besides Mrs. Smith and her sighing, but I began to believe, before the day was over, in haunted places: the jealous wife had returned, and was sighing near me; once I was sure I heard a kiss and a sigh.

I was lonely that day. Fanny did not come over as usual in the morning. I caught sight of her a moment as she mounted her horse for a ride. A tall young lady was with her, Miss Rosetta, I supposed. The latter wore a dashing riding cap tied with broad scarlet strings, and ornamented by a black feather with a scarlet tip. She had a bold, defiant, easy air, and rode well; but I was more pleased with the lithic, graceful figure of Fanny, with her modest black hat and neatly fitting habit, sitting quite as easily and with better poise than her companion, while the horse that bore her stepped off as if proud of his burden, as I never believe he was. He had been her companion for three or four years, and when he heard her voice always pricked up his ears and turned his head, waiting eagerly for the caress which he knew was coming.

When I saw them take their departure I knew that a lonely day was before me, for Fanny liked horseback exercise, and was often gone many hours, scouring hill and dale. I sat and sewed till Sidney came to dinner. That to our pleasant home, was the sunshine of the day, but it passed so quickly. After he departed I read awhile in Miss Bremer's "Neighbors"; I liked to fancy that pleasant picture of domestic life, and though I did not exactly approve of her pet name, "Bear," I nevertheless excused it on the supposition that it did not sound from a wife's pretty lips as it looks printed. I tried to think of some pet name for my husband, but nothing sounded better than "Sidney." The very name carried me back to the days of chivalry, to that flower of knightlyhood, Sir Philip. My father had a picture of the gallant soldier and gentleman, that in an age of brave and gentle men won the palm of the gentlest knight and bravest soldier of them all. If that picture spoke truth, Sir Philip was not as handsome as his namesake, my Sidney, and I was sure, he had no nobler heart; but alas! the physical strength of the former far surpassed my husband's, and I was troubled as I thought of it.

I noticed to-day that he coughed, only a slight hacking cough, but I had heard Aunt Posey say that "they are coughs was the most worrisome cough in the world, and must be tended to." As her words recurred to me, I started up and threw on my thick shawl and straw bonnet, determined to seek Aunt Posey and have that wonderful syrup prepared at once. It was a bright, clear, frosty day; the ground was frozen hard, only now and then, in the sunniest spots, yielding to the power of solar heat; the sky was blue and cloudless, looking—oh, so far away—up, up, up.

"Oh, could I pierce with mortal eyes
The wondrous spaces above,
Up, up beyond the starry skies,
And to that world of love!"

Ah me! how far away it is, and if Sidney—I checked the thought, but it would come—If he should be taken from me how far away he would be. I forgot for the time, or I would not yield to my better knowledge of no locality, or, rather, no up nor down to heaven; but the childish idea of a local heaven above the starry skies was still mine. No, no, no, I did not want heaven there for me nor mine; this world was bright and good enough for us. My father or in heaven, and I would not stray from my path with flowers; I would not refuse to gather and cherish them, neither would I wantonly trample them under my feet for the sake of looking at the stars and thinking of the world above them. If Elijah had come along just then and asked me to take passage with him I should certainly have politely rejected the offer, and have bidden the angel cherubim drive on—I'd rather live in the old house with Sidney. I little thought then that I should live to respond heartily to Coleridge's words—"A true man has three firm friends—God, himself, and death." To long for death! Ah me! how much of the warmth and brightness of earth must be withdrawn before we can see the glories of the sky.

I walked on, hoping that I should find Aunt Posey at home, and that the syrup would not be long in the compounding. As I approached the house, I saw

Nehah come out of the door, but when she saw me she stopped, hesitated, looked this way and that as if she would avoid me. I think she could not have shrunk from me more than I did from her presence, but there was no avoiding the encounter; we must meet. I meant to be brave, and bowed, saying, "Good evening," but again that terrible look! There was concentrated in her face mingled scorn and revenge. I trembled violently, and had I met her a few rods back in the woods, I should not have expected a safe issue. The sight of Aunt Posey's house reassured me, and I passed by Nehah, receiving from her, however, no word or other token of recognition save that look, which haunted me for years. I was sure now that she bore ill-will toward me or mine.

I found Aunt Posey good humored and cordial as usual, while, to my great delight, the syrup was bottled and ready for use. I sat down by the bright fire, while she bustled about in her hospitable way, bringing from some recess the glass of wine and slices of fruit cake. Aunt Posey was a model of politeness and ease, and in striking contrast, I thought, to the manners of many of the would-be ladies in Barnstable. When I had rested a little, I rose to examine the delicate water-color painting which had interested me so much in my former visit. The second examination only excited my curiosity more, for it seemed almost faultless, and must have been sketched and painted from Nature. The tiny, half-opened buds of the lilacs of the valley were as carefully and correctly shaded as the perfect blossoms, while the deep blue of the English violets was perceptible, peeping up from the dark green of the leaves, while the brown moss of the rosebuds and the pure white of the snow-drops were sweetly contrasted.

"That is a beautiful little painting, Aunt Posey."

"Do you think so, honey. It's a delicate like, but seems to me full blown roses and pinies are handsomer than them little things that take so much time to look at. But you have not drunk your wine; it's good for you, and these tiny glasses hold only a thimbleful of drink, and let me give you some more; it will warm you up, this cold day."

"Thank you, auntie, one glass is enough, and I enjoy drinking it slowly. It is very nice, too good to drink in haste."

"There! I might have known it by your ways," said Aunt Posey, smiling.

"Have known what, auntie?"

"Why, that you were a lady. Now you see that's one way I allers tell a born lady. Ye can't tell it by fine clothes, because there's Smith's factory girls dress finer than you do, and you can't tell it by the money folks have, because there's Brown's wife has a heap of money, and she aint no lady at all; but you can tell by the way one takes a glass of wine. If it is gulped down at once, you may be sure no lady does so; but if she takes it daintily, making you think of little birds drinking, then you may be sure that's a born lady. I know this is only currant wine, and ha'n't got a big name like Masselle, Port, Champagne, Burgundy, Madeira—ye see I know 'em, ma'am—but mine is five years old, and, as you say, it has a fine flavor, and may be, you'd take it like you would the best imported. But please look at this," and she brought me a large piece of velvet painting, for which she had been searching while we were talking. It was a fruit piece, with great red apples, full size, oranges, peaches, grapes falling out of the basket, and, indeed, the poor basket seemed much too small for the task imposed upon it. There was a wonderful profusion of color and a great variety, but one felt that it would mar the beauty if it were topped; evidently the design was ornamental; it was not fruit to be eaten.

"Is n't that a handsome picture, now?" said Aunt Posey.

"It's very bright and showy, and those great red apples look like your 'Mountain Reds.'"

"That's just what I told Miss Hovey (that's the name of the lady who gave it to me, up at the mountain). 'I'm going to have a nice yellow frame for it, and hang it up.' I suppose I must have a glass, because you know, velvet catches the dust so." "I certainly should have the glass," replied, "and that reminds me that Sidney brought home some picture frames a few days' since, and said he had one specially for you."

"There, now, that's just like the boy. I showed him this very picture last week, and he said he had some frames, and he thought one would fit. He was always a thoughtful boy. I never thought he'd grow up to be a man—such good folks aint long lived generally—but," and Aunt Posey added this last sentence quickly, though I know it was an afterthought, for I was sure I turned pale, for I felt my heart stand still. "But now, if he can get over this cough, he'll may be live to be as old as his grand mother. She was a hundred and nine when she died. 'Taint it the family to die young?"

Dear, good Aunt Posey, was n't she a true lady, to do so gracefully the little mischief she had unwittingly committed?

I rose to go home, but she begged me to wait one moment while she brought her shawl and bonnet to accompany me, "for it is soosome like in the woods," she said. I thought of Nehah, and willingly consented. As I stood waiting, my eyes fell again on the little picture, and I detected in one corner, in pencil, the words, "Agnes, to Flora."

Flora was Fanny's mother; the fair artist must have been a friend of her's; in this way Aunt Posey came in possession of the picture. Fanny told me that her mother left many little mementoes to her faithful servant.

"Aunt Posey," I said, just as we entered the edge

of the wood, "do tell me more about the strange woman that has been staying with you. It seems to me as if an evil spirit looked out of her eyes whenever I meet her."

"Never mind Nehah," said my companion cheerily. "I told you that she had Indian blood in her, and you know the Indians is a mighty queer people; when they take up notions they stick to 'em allers. But she'll not trouble you any more. She went away to-day, and may be never will come back. But her family were kind to me and mine, and I never will refuse her shelter while I have a home. You know I came from Florida with Miss Flora when she was married."

"So I have heard. Pray tell me about Mrs. Maurice Perry."

"Why, honey, she was one of the beautifullest, sweetest, dearest little creatures God ever made. Fanny is putty and gay like her, but she isn't such a real angel-pictor as her mother. It was the hardest thing I ever did to lay her in the grave; nobody else had ever dressed her, and I could n't let 'em do it for the last time. She was too young to die. But there she lay, just like one of my white rosebuds, broken off before it had fully opened—dear me! take me! I prayed to God when she was sick to take me instead, and she heard me, the darling did, and she said, 'No, no, Posey, it is God's will that I should die, but be kind to dear little Fanny. If I could, I would like to take her with me.' The little thing was too young then to understand death, and thought her mother was only sleeping when she lay so still and cold. Heaven has seemed a good deal nearer, honey, since she died—it's like as if I had a claim on it. I know she'll never forget Posey, even among the angels."

"Poor Fanny, it was a great loss to her."

"Indeed, indeed it is; but I'm so glad Mr. Maurice ha'n't married again; it would have come right hard to Fanny to call anybody else mother, and yet it is kind of strange like; he's a real lady's man—one of them that's wonderful taking among women. Mr. Maurice and my Flora were a handsome couple. I was proud of her, and, oh! honey, dear, I loved her too much—too much, I suppose, and God took her; we must n't have idols in this world; but what can we do, when God sends angels to live with us?"

"It is hard not to love them," I said, "and harder if our love should cause their removal from us."

I sighed unconsciously, but Aunt Posey observed it, for she replied:

"I know what you sigh for; yes, he's another of God's good angels that walk here below; it seems like our father in heaven made a mistake, and dropped diamonds down, but takes 'em up again as soon as he finds it out. But, take courage, my Flora had n't an enemy in all the wide world; but your husband it seems has, for Nehah has taken a great prejudice agin him, but she'll not tell me any thing about it, and it's no use trying to tease an Indian; you know; sometime I'll find out; so you be easy, for that is the reason she looks so hard at you."

It was not much relief to find my anxiety changed from myself to my husband, and yet I trusted the mystery might be solved some time by Posey.

We found Sidney at home waiting tea for us, but very pleasantly occupied in singing with Fanny, who was playing on the guitar.

"There, Auntie, I have done my duty to-day, and now I'm going to spend the evening with you."

She had played the housekeeper very prettily, and a nice supper was on the table. Aunt Posey insisted upon remaining to wait upon the table, as she used to do in the old days, she said, when Miss Flora was Fanny's age. After tea, Fanny sang some of the songs which had been her mother's favorites. The tears ran down Posey's cheeks, and yet she would say,

"Sing it once more, just once more, my dear child. I wonder if she's n't singing in heaven, it 'pears like I heard her, far, far off, soft and low, but so sweet; you mind, Mr. Sidney, when you used to bring your flute and play."

"Oh in the still night."

It was a new song in those days, and she liked it very much, and I heard her say, that when you played it in your room at night, it used to soothe her to sleep when she was sad and homesick.

"The flute!" I exclaimed, much surprised; "why, Sidney, can you play the flute? I never heard you speak of such an accomplishment."

"I am not accomplished in it at all; it was one of the amusements of my boyhood."

"Which I hope you will resume," I said.

He shook his head.

"I have n't played a tune for five years."

I noticed that Aunt Posey looked at him earnestly, sadly, and it troubled me, for he did look pale and thin. He promised to take her syrup for his cough, and she gave him other directions, to which he listened very kindly, for he had great confidence in her skill.

She was n't quite satisfied, however, when he said that he must be at the counting-room till late that night; she did n't like the night air for him. They went away together, Aunt Posey not forgetting to carry the frame for her splendid fruit-piece.

Fanny and myself were left together. She stirred the fire, put on more wood, lighted the lamp, and drew down the blinds.

"Now, Auntie, let's have a nice cozy time. I have so much to say to you."

"I am ready to listen," I said, looking at her.

"Yes, but you must do something else, too."

"What's that?"

"Oh, advise and encourage and sympathize."

"Do you need all three?"

"You'll be surprised at that soon."

"In the first place, pray tell me about your ride to-day with Miss Rosetta."

"Yes, indeed; did you see us? My companion was a dashing rider, and attracted much attention; but she said she had learned to look down on all our country beaux, and was thankful that she was n't doomed to a hum-drum life in Barnstable. She says she is engaged to a dry goods merchant in New York, and she wondered how you could live in this old house. I told her you were going to have a new one before many years. 'La, me!' she said, 'all the fun of getting married, is in going to housekeeping in dashing style.' You need n't trouble yourself about her being disappointed in not securing Uncle Sid. She has no envy, but rather pity for you."

"You relieve my mind, Fanny; I was working myself up into a little fever of jealousy when I saw her dashing style, and her handsome face."

"Jealousy?—no, no, Auntie; you could not have that feeling. Uncle Sid never cared for her at all, and his love for you is—(and again she assumed that sybilian look which she had once before worn), 'is above jealousy.'"

"I see that no one can disturb your good opinion of your Uncle, Fanny."

"Never, while I live!"

"How solemn you look child!"

"Auntie, Uncle Sid is a brother to me, and my dear mother trusted and loved him; and Aunt Posey says, that before she died, she told him to watch and care for me. He never told me of it, but he does care for me, and I tell him all my troubles—only now, just now, I am in trouble, and I am going to tell you all about it. Yes, I must tell some one, I cannot suffer all alone—I never could. Now, no one will come in this winter's night," and she drew her low chair near to me, "and Uncle will be at the counting-house late. Now, please first look at this," and she drew from her bosom a miniature of a fair youth of perhaps twenty years. He was in person all that a maiden's heart could desire. I wish I could give my reader a colored photograph of Frank Ashley instead of this meagre pen and ink sketch. At this time, and many years have passed since then, I remember the impression which the first view of the picture gave me. The hair was dark and abundant; the eyes dark, and eye-lashes very long; the contour of the face regular; the mouth firm and determined; but the expression of the face, taken altogether, was indicative of a happy temperament, of much buoyancy and hopefulness. I liked it—the sweep of the wavy hair across the brow, the easy position, the half negligé, but not slovenly dress, all bespoke a free, frank temperament. I studied it awhile, and Fanny studied my face also very earnestly.

"Rightly named," I said, "that is a fine face, but I have seen many a handsome face that I did not like as well."

Fanny's eyes sparkled.

"I knew it—I knew you would like him!" she said, triumphantly, "and if—if you could only know him as I do, Auntie, you would love him; love him, I mean, as a brother."

"And so Fanny," I said, laying my hand on her head, as she hid her face in my lap, "you have learned so early the lesson of love. I would rather that you turned over a few more pages of life's book before coming to that. It is to woman the key-note of her future. As you strike this now, so life will end. Could n't you have waited awhile before entering this enchanted land?"

"Auntie, love came to me; I did not seek it. Frank Ashley came from Florida. His father is an old friend of my mother's family, and he was sent north to be educated; he came first to our house. We were playmates, and my father took quite a fancy to him, and sometimes called us brother and sister. He allowed our childish friendship to continue, and when Frank sent his first letters from the military school, Pa was almost as much pleased as myself. It is only within a year that we have been forbidden to correspond, and Pa gives as a reason, that he is unwilling I should be engaged so young, and adds that he will never consent to my marrying a military man. Now, Auntie, until he forbade our correspondence, we did not know that it was so essential to our happiness; until he told us that we must never think of marriage, we had not spoken of it. True, I see now that Pa was right in one respect, the friendship could have terminated in no other way; his harsh treatment only tore roughly away the veil which we should have slowly and tremblingly raised.

I never shall forget the day when Pa called me to his room, and asked if I had received a letter from Frank that week.

"Yes," I told him, and I would run and fetch it.

"No," he said, "no matter about that; he only wished to say that he thought I was old enough to drop the girl and boy correspondence; it might result in something more serious than friendship, and he should certainly never consent to my looking upon Frank as a lover. I must send him no more letters, and he would write to him and explain."

I was so surprised, that at first I could not reply, and my father taking my silence for consent, praised my obedience, and said that it was no more than he expected from me.

"But, father," I said, hardly able to control myself, "I have no one else who cares for me; nobody writes me letters but Frank, and he has no other friend now to write to him." Poor Frank, I thought to myself, it will be harder for him than for me, and I returned to plead for his sake.

"His father and mother are both dead," I said, as well as I could, for the tears were coming now; "his

father died only a few months ago, and all the great fortune that Frank expected has gone, too, and nobody cares for him, or writes to him besides myself excepting an old uncle in the West Indies, who sends him a little spending money now and then. Oh, Pa, it will be so hard!"

"Pshaw! nonsense!" he said, "do n't let me hear you talk in that way; as if the young man could n't survive the loss of your letters. That's not a proper way for a young lady to talk."

At this I felt much worse. Could it be true that Frank did n't care much for my letters, when I prized his so much? For one moment a bad spirit got possession of me, and I thought I never would wish to write him again, but my guardian angel—I have one, Auntie, I'll tell you about it sometime—whispered better thoughts, and I knew that Frank did like to have me write, and that my letters were a great comfort to him since his father died. Yes, I had no more mistrust of him, but a sweet confidence that he loved me better than anybody else in the wide world; and now that my father had taken away that thin little misty veil that we called sisterly affection, I saw right down in the depths of my heart, and there, as in some deep waters you can see beneath its crystal surface to the very bed of the river, so could I see his image in my spirit. I felt frightened for a moment. It's a fearful thing, Auntie, to love another human soul better than we do ourselves. I did n't feel ashamed of it, for I had read in some beautiful book of Uncle Sid's, that pure, true, earnest love should not cause shame, but should make 'us love God more, in that he permits such great happiness to two human beings. So I offered one little prayer, such as my mother taught me, 'Oh God, teach me the right way to heaven through this wicked world,' and then I turned to my father, and said, 'Please, father, not to take away this great pleasure from Frank and myself, I will show you all his letters,' and then I climbed into his lap, and told him how much Frank loved him, and that we would both be his children, and make him happy. I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and, Auntie, I could n't help the tears coming, for he neither smiled, nor caressed me, but pushed me gently away, and looked very stern as he said:

"Fanny, I expect to be obeyed; no more letters to Frank Ashley. I will myself explain the reason to him."

Now, Frank had always spent his vacations with us, and I had looked forward with great pleasure to his coming; now, I thought I should see him no more. I went up into my room and sat down by the window, where I always liked so much to sit; but wasn't it strange, the beautiful prospect that was always there before was gone. It looked to me just as if a black veil was over hill and valley. I have read a great deal of poetry about Nature being always the same to us, that 'she never did deceive the heart that loved her,' that there is consolation in woods and fields, and purling streams. It isn't so with me, auntie, for nothing looked bright to me, then, and I thought I would n't want to live at all, if I might never see Frank again. Don't laugh, Auntie, (I was far from it, as she might have known if she had raised her eyes to look at me). "I did feel so, and I thought that my father might have told me why I must not write to Frank. You see he gave me no reason, only that a child must obey implicitly the commands of a parent. I cried and cried, till I made myself sick, and when Aunt Hannah called me to dinner, I could not go down, so father and she dined by themselves, and I suppose had a good time of it, for she always agrees with him, and I knew I should have no sympathy from her. Whenever I had had trouble before, I went directly to Frank with it; now I had nobody to talk to, nobody to comfort me.

It was a warm, bright, sunny afternoon. Father had ridden out into the country, and Jim had sent to know if I would have Zaidie saddled for a ride in the woods. I said no, and he went out into the stable, looking rather disappointed. Jim came into the room to bring my father a letter in the morning, and I thought he heard the conversation. Now Jim has been in the family a great many years; he is Aunt Posey's brother, and he thinks all the world of Frank, and I thought perhaps poor Jim feels sorry for me; and I laid my head down on the window seat and let the breeze blow my hair about and cool my poor head, while I watched him working in the garden. He was singing, and the canaries heard him and joined his music, and I felt almost vexed with them for being so happy when I was sad. Then it was so bright and beautiful overhead, and the roses were all in full bloom, the very rose tree that Frank had brought all the way from New York, so carefully in his hands, was now in blossom directly under my window, and I perceived the fragrance of the roses where I sat. 'We shall never work in the garden any more,' I said to myself, 'nor have pleasant rides together, nor sing the songs we have learned, nor read the same books in company'—and then the tears came again, but this time more quietly; they flowed and seemed to relieve the pressure on my brain.

By and by I was soothed and fell asleep, and I dreamed that Frank came in the form of an angel, with great wings, and carried me up high as the clouds, and I was so happy way up above the world, in the clear, fresh air, and not at all afraid, for Frank was so strong and fearless. Then I heard sweet music; and the music awoke me. I raised my head and looked round, and sure enough there was music—a voice I knew so well was whistling a favorite air. Yes, yes, there was Frank coming up the garden walk, and whistling to call Jim's attention. Jim heard, and threw down his spade, and

By and by I was soothed and fell asleep, and I dreamed that Frank came in the form of an angel, with great wings, and carried me up high as the clouds, and I was so happy way up above the world, in the clear, fresh air, and not at all afraid, for Frank was so strong and fearless. Then I heard sweet music; and the music awoke me. I raised my head and looked round, and sure enough there was music—a voice I knew so well was whistling a favorite air. Yes, yes, there was Frank coming up the garden walk, and whistling to call Jim's attention. Jim heard, and threw down his spade, and

"Holloa! old fellow!" said Frank, "all well at home?"

"Yes, Mass' Frank, middlin' and Jim turned to my window.
I had risen, and instead of returning the greeting which Frank seemed about to give me, I ran away to hide my swollen eyes and red face. A little water and cologne, with the addition of a hair brush, improved my appearance a little, but Frank's quick eye detected something amiss, as I came to meet him.

"What now, Fanny?" he said, half alarmed, notwithstanding Jim's assertion that the family were middlin'." "Is Zaidie sick, or Rover dead, or one of the canaries carried off by Tige?"

"Oh Frank, it's worse than that; come quick into the graperly, and I'll tell you, but first tell me, how did you come here?"

"Why, you see after I wrote you that letter last Thursday—"

"Wrote me last Thursday? Why I hadn't had a letter from you for two weeks!"

"The deuce you have n't. I'll court-martial that old drone of a Postmaster."

"Stop; don't talk so, Frank, but tell me what you wrote."

"Let's go into the summer-house, then, for I have walked ten miles double quick time since two o'clock."

"Stop, let me get you a lunch."

But Jim had thought of that and gone for one; and while Frank and I enjoyed it, he told me that he had written both my father and myself long letters only a week previous, telling us that he had heard of the death of his uncle in the West Indies, and that he was now left without any known kindred, or a dollar he could call his own; that at first he thought he would leave West Point, and enter into some business as it would be so long before he could expect promotion in the Army, and he wanted to carve out a fortune for himself. But the Professors had been very kind to him. His tutor in Mathematics, Gilbert, had stood by him like a brother, and had offered to share his own little fortune with him, and on the whole, if my father approved, he would stay at West Point and work hard for a high standing.

"For your sake, Fanny," he said, "I will be at the head of my class, and I don't think I can make you understand what a tough time I'll have getting there. But won't it please your father? You, Fanny, you will rejoice, I know."

Poor me, I could not answer him a word, but burst into tears. He was really troubled, then, and begged for an explanation. I told him all. At first he only whistled a little, just a low, prolonged whistle. He seemed to do it unconsciously, as if he were thinking hard at the same time.

"I can't think what it means, Fanny. I have stood well in my class, nor have I had one censure from my teachers. Can it be Fanny, that he has plans for your future, that he has not told you?"

"Plans for my future! I'll not submit to have anybody plan for me, not even my own father. No, it is not that, but he sees fit to stop our correspondence, because we are so young. Perhaps he's right, but it will be very hard, for I have no other correspondent in the world."

"And me, what do you think of me, Fanny? I have neither father, mother, brother or sister in this wide world, save you. I do write to Uncle Sid, and he is my only correspondent beside yourself."

"Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!" I exclaimed, "I wonder that I did not think of him in my trouble, this morning. Yes, he will explain it all. We'll go to him, Frank."

But Frank did not seem quite so delighted with this plan. He was very independent and fearless.

"No, Fanny, I am going directly to your father, and request him to give me a reason for his prohibition. It is no more than right that he should do so."

I felt that this would be useless. I had read my father's face well, and I knew that he would not alter his decision. I was as sure that Frank would be treated with civility. I never saw my father in a passion, but I have seen him take an insult as coolly as I would receive a compliment. Frank is hasty and impulsive; but however angry he might become, my father would remain calm, and the more excited the one, the cooler the other. It would be like the surf against the rock. Don't you know, auntie, that people like my father are more firm and determined than quick-tempered people like myself?"

"Perhaps so, Fanny; but what did your father say to Frank?"

"He met him at dinner as pleasantly as if nothing had occurred to mar our former peaceful relations, and when Frank at the close asked to see him, he led the way into his study with as much politeness as if Frank had been the President."

I think this manner rather annoyed Frank, but he had made up his mind what to say, and he was determined to say it.

"Take a seat, Frank," said my father, and let me know how you stand now at West Point?"

Frank remained standing.

"I am happy to inform you, sir, that I stand with the three best scholars in my class. I have worked hard for this, and had been stimulated to do so by the hope of your approbation; but Fanny tells me that you have forbidden all further intercourse between the families. I think, sir, I am entitled to an explanation."

"Take a seat, take a seat, Frank," said my father; "let us talk this matter over."

"I prefer standing, sir."

"Very well," said my father, smiling, while he quietly took a pinch of snuff. "I did not intend that Fanny should be the first to tell you of my wish, but I was not aware that your vacation came so soon. It seems that you and Fanny are keeping up a constant intercourse by letters. Now Frank, you are twenty years of age; you will soon be through the military school, and having no property of your own, will of course choose the military profession."

The hot, proud blood showed itself in Frank's face, and he answered quickly, almost angrily:

"Mr. Perry, I have been educated at my country's expense, and I intend to serve her to the best of my ability. Were I worth a million, I should choose no other profession."

My father smiled. "I believe he rather enjoyed this little burst of passion."

"Not having a million, Frank, nor even a decimal part of it, you cannot well tell how you would do were you possessed of that sum; enough for our purpose that you will enter the army; you will be ordered here and there, and there you'll have a permanent home. Promotion is slow, your pay small, and your life one of exposure, perhaps excitement, and danger. I prefer that Frank should not share such a

life. It is easy now to let this friendship die out; a few years more, and it may cost you a greater struggle. You are now fond of each other, but one year of separation will cool this fondness amazingly; indeed, I hope you will get no romantic notions into your head about love; it is an *ignis fatuus* that leads thousands astray; put all such fancies aside. Five years hence, if you should meet me and Fanny, you may thank me for what I am now doing."

"Thank you, sir, for separating me from all that I love best in this world. I have none beside to love, and I tell you, frankly, that Fanny is dearer to me than life itself. You may call it a schoolboy fancy, an idle romance, but if you enforce your command, you will find that you will make two miserable, and remove from me my highest incentive to ambition. You know, sir, that I am alone in the world, that I have no friends, no friendships, save in your family. I am denied these. I am banished. Why? Because I must serve my country in the profession to which I am bred. I know not how you view it, sir, but I tell you frankly, it is unjust and cruel, and every such selfish, arbitrary action will meet its due reward. I ask once more that you distinctly state how far your prohibition extends," and Frank stood more erect, and as my father expressed it, his eyes flashed as if he were treating with a conquered enemy, instead of one who was his superior.

I think, however, it did not make him angry at all. He was amused at the display of spirit in the boy, and he very coolly finished the pinch of snuff which he held in his fingers, and smiled, as he said:

"I supposed you already understood, or you would not be thus excited. I wish no more letters to pass between yourself and Fanny. I do not forbid you the house, but I shall send Fanny to boarding-school for one year, and if during that time you choose to visit here, you can do so; my housekeeper will make you comfortable. When Fanny is at home, I prefer you would not be here. I wish you success in your profession, and am most happy to hear that you are likely to deserve it by your good scholarship at school. My time is out, looking at his watch, 'I have a client waiting in my office, and must bid you good evening. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I have no fear of disobedience on the part of Fanny; and he bowed politely, and passed out of the room."

Poor Frank, he was angry, and his quick, Southern blood was at boiling heat—but what could he do or say?

I was in the graperly, making believe read. Jim was at work on the strawberry bed near me, when Frank came out. I never saw him look so well. He has a fine face, and his constant military drilling had given compactness and dignity to his form and gait. I saw Jim stop his work and look admiringly at him, expecting, what he never failed to receive, a kind word, and perhaps a joke—but no, the young man strode on toward the graperly, looking, as he approached near enough for us to see his face, like a thunder cloud. He came in where I sat, threw his cap to the very further end upon the floor, and said:

"There, Fanny, I hate men that never get angry; you can't do anything with them; no wonder Gen. Jackson ordered cotton bales for defense. If men were cotton bales, there'd be no glory in war."

"Cotton bales! What do you mean, Frank? Men cotton bales? Who is a cotton bale?"

"Why, your father; he's just a cotton bale, that is—he's no more temper than one."

"Stop, stop, he is my father; you must n't talk so."

"I ask your pardon, Fanny, but I am indignant, angry; just so, I believe. Your father has taken away the brightness of my life; I don't care now whether I stand well or not in my classes, my ambition is all gone, and my poor brother did, I believe, shed tears of vexation, but he turned away and stood for a moment looking toward the garden, but I believe it was only to conceal the moistened eyes."

"I do, Frank, care very much about your standing; and whether you write me or not, I shall know all about it. Is n't Judge Cullum one of the examiners, and does n't he often speak of you, and has n't he told me that he is watching your progress with much interest. Only last week he said: 'I expect that boy will make his mark in the world.'"

"Did he, though? Did he?" said Frank, turning round quickly, his face brightening. "But was n't the old fellow a tough one when he put us through Conic Sections and Trigonometry? I wanted to try my patent revolver on him; but when he marked me up so high I was glad I had saved his big head."

"O, Frank, you are an ambitious boy."

"And is n't it right to be? Was any great and noble action ever performed without ambition?"

"It is godlike to press on."

But, Fanny, it has been so pleasant to share my success with you, to tell you my perplexities and my joys, and now I must go back, and live without the weekly letters which have afforded me so much pleasure to write and receive. And now you'll never care what becomes of me. I am like a poor wail whom no one cares to own."

"Why, Frank, in one of father's big books—Blackstone; I think they call it—there is a chapter on waifs, and I heard him reading it; and it said waifs belong to the king. If you are a waif you belong to Government."

"And so I do, and so I ought; I wish my friends could see it as I do."

"Do n't they? I do, for one."

"Do you though, Fanny? And do you think honestly I ought to stand by my profession?"

"I should be ashamed of you if you did n't. To receive your education from Government, and then go sneaking away like a cat that has been stealing cream."

"Hurrah!" said Frank, plucking up his cap and throwing it in the air, catching it as it fell, and shouting very boy-like, "I ought to have known you would have said so, for you are a sensible girl, Fanny; but sensible girls are so rare, and I was afraid you did n't like my being a soldier, and—I must say it, though you may think it rude—I could not have given up my profession even to please you, Fanny, and I'd rather please you than all the rest of the world besides; but when a fellow makes up his mind that he is right, he must go ahead, you know."

"You speak my mind, Frank, in the last sentence, but I think there are a great many sensible girls."

"We West Pointers do n't get a sight of them there, though we see many importations from the city of packages of silk and lace and ribbons, introduced 'ladies'."

"None of your fine speeches, Frank, or I shall tell about brass buttons and military caps. I fancy that gentlemen-like shoulder straps and adornments as well as ladies."

"When fairly won they are worth wearing because of that which they represent. Yes, Fanny, I can win a captain's commission right honorably. I will be proud of the badge. Who knows what the future may have in store? I won't give up trying now that we think alike on the subject."

"Still my father's commands are as binding as before—we are separated, Frank."

Frank's countenance fell, and he paced back and forth in the old graperly, like a young lion angry with his keeper.

"I suppose now, Fanny, you'll say it is all right, and that you must obey. But wicked as you may think me, I have my doubts on the subject."

"There's Uncle Sid coming into the garden; let us ask him."

"Agreed. I like Uncle Sid. He's got a whole soul inside of him—wish his body was strong enough to hold it."

Uncle smiled, Frank, and they met each other half way in the path; a good cordial greeting it was, too. And Frank drew our counselor into the graperly, and then we told him our trouble. He listened, as he always does when any one is in trouble, earnestly, and kindly, as if nothing escaped him. Then he sat and thought awhile, as if the matter required consideration, which Frank thought it did not. At last, after what seemed to us a long pause, he said, kindly:

"I have a plan to propose. We waited eagerly to hear. You may not at first assent, but I can think of no better at present. Suppose that for one year you obey your father implicitly, Fanny, and have no communication with Frank; then, if your interest in each other continues, endeavor, if possible, to gain his consent to a correspondence."

"A whole year?" Frank exclaimed, with a look of great disappointment.

"I said nothing, but I thought what a long, dreary year it would be."

"A whole year?" again said Frank. "Can't you propose anything less hard than that?"

"I know my brother better, perhaps, than you do," said Uncle Sid, quietly.

Frank stopped his impatient walk to and fro, and stood thinking a moment.

"I'll do it," said he. "I'll show Mr. Perry that I am willing to be tested. He thinks I am a mere boy, with a boy's fickleness; let him see me put to the trial. Will you tell him, Uncle Sid, of your proposition?"

"Most assuredly, if you wish it."

"What say you, Fanny?" said Frank.

Now don't you think, auntie, just like a little foolish child, I burst into tears. I could n't say one word. That long dreary year stretched before me like the old desert of Sahara in my school Atlas. How could I tread it?

Suddenly Frank's countenance brightened. "Why, Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!" and the boy spoke as loud as if Uncle Sid suddenly became deaf. "I am not forbidden to write to you, I suppose?"

"I surely shall not forbid it," said Uncle Sid, "and I know of no one else that has the power save yourself. My tears dried quickly, and Frank and I exchanged glances."

"But I shall be the medium of no messages between you," said Uncle Sid, decidedly.

"No, no, but—" Frank did n't go any further.

"But you may write to me, frankly, added Uncle Sid, "and you may be sure of my sympathy and interest."

Frank left us that day, and you know, auntie, he and Uncle Sid correspond, but you did not know how hard it has been for me not to have one letter from Frank for a twelve-month. And then, not even Uncle Sid has told of our arrangement. I believe he promised secrecy, and he is not the man to violate such a promise."

"I knew he had letters from Frank, and have seen them; but this is the first I have heard of your interest in him."

"But, auntie, our year is out, and as father told Uncle that he would give his consent to our writing at the end of the year if we wished, though he added, 'There's no danger of their wishing it themselves, and as Frank will be ordered into service somewhere at that time, there can be no great harm in promising.' But here, see here, auntie!" and she held up before me a voluminous letter, that looked as if it might well be taken as a feast after a long abstinence. "Let me read you a little, auntie!"

"This is my first letter, Fanny, for a twelvemonth, and I may not be able to get a letter to you for as long a time in the future, for I am ordered to Florida. There is work to do there, and I shall see active service soon. This suite me. Write by next mail; it will be the last you will direct here."

"At this poor Fanny broke down, and hid her head in my lap, while the tears flowed freely."

"And you have written?"

"Yes, auntie, I have; but I didn't know as it would be quite right. Father is not here, you know. You must tell Uncle Sid; and you—do you think it was wrong?"

"I spoke as my heart dictated when I answered 'No.' But, I added, 'Fanny, it is a fearful thing to disobey a parent. It is sad ever to marry without a father's blessing. Little good comes of it.'"

"But when the time comes he will give us his blessing—he must, auntie; he cannot deny it. But one thing more. He will come here before he goes, only one day, auntie, just one day; and may he come to see Uncle Sid? And will you be an auntie to him, too?"

"Be sure, child, it would be best that he should do so. Your uncle will think with us, I have no doubt."

It did my heart good to see how much this little arrangement pleased Fanny, and how safe and trustful she seemed. Only two days, and Frank would be here. I hadn't been married long then, the reader will remember, and I entered into the hopes and fears of these two young lovers with all the enthusiasm of a bride in the honeymoon. I little thought then that the one day of Elysian that I was preparing for them was to be succeeded by so much sadness.

Frank came. I liked him, for he was a generous, high spirited boy, and gave promise of a fine manhood. I thought brother Maurice must be proud of him. It was a bright day for the lovers; the sun shone, the sky was blue, and everything favorable for a walk to Aunt Popsy's. The afternoon was given to this, they promising to return to supper. During their absence, Aunt Hannah and her niece Rosetta called; the latter, in her gay city costume, which was almost overpowering, in our low, plain dwelling. Aunt Hannah wore her sternest look. I perceived that she did not approve of the proceedings at our house, and I was a little amused in speculating how she would express her displeasure. I was not long in doubt, for she was one of those persons who prided themselves on their plain speaking. They believe in telling things "right out;" they

never go round Robbin Hood's barn to accomplish an object. They like the plain, naked truth. I love them, and they like it, not because it is the truth, but because it wounds. Their plain speech is simple impudence, and their frankness, the unworking of the bottle of malice which they always carry with them.

As Aunt Hannah rose to go, she remarked:

"You know, Mrs. Perry, I have been a long time in the family, and I am accustomed to speaking my mind. You are only making future trouble for Fanny by permitting Frank Ashley to visit here. I think it's my duty to give you my mind upon the subject."

"Thank you, Miss Hannah. I have done nothing without my husband's approval."

There was a sneer, a very palpable one, on Miss Hannah's face as I said this.

"As to that, Mrs. Perry, all young husbands are influenced by their wives, and in your case there is no exception. Indeed, it is said, and perhaps you might as well know it, (the truth never hurts us,) that you govern your husband. Mr. Maurice says that his brother Sidney is becoming quite a decided character now that he is guided by his wife."

I did not reply for a moment. I was mortified and angry, but, fortunately, I caught sight of my husband, and checked the retort that rose to my lips.

"Oh, there's Sidney," said Miss Hannah, quickly, "I must tell him what his brother said about Master Frank."

I was glad to be released, but I was not pleased to hear my husband's name so familiarly used by Miss Hannah. I did not hear what she said, but it evidently did not disturb him at all, for he came in smiling, and remarked to me, as I was busy cutting my choicest fruit cake for my guests:

"Will you accept an addition to your supper?" and he handed me a can of oysters.

I forgot my vexation in my hospitable cares, and was myself again when Frank and Fanny entered, looking fresh and happy, as if they had been drinking the elixir of life, as indeed they had.

Frank was to leave in the coach that evening, which in those days left Burnside at the unseasonable hour of ten at night. As the time of parting drew near they grew more and more silent. Sidney had gone out to buy a warm scarf for Frank, as the night was chilly, and I slipped quietly away to my own room. In less than five minutes the coach was at the gate, and Frank's voice answered to the coachman's "Whoa," "Ready."

"Where's Aunt Mary?" I heard him say.

"Here, Frank. Good-by—God bless you."

"God bless you, Aunt Mary. Do n't forget me."

He could say no more, nor did he turn toward Fanny, or speak another word, but ran out and sprang into the coach. Poor boy! like many others of his age, he was ashamed of his emotion.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
A VISION REAL.
BY A. P. COMBES.

Down in a quiet valley,
Where the Hudson winds its way,
Mid the gathering shades of evening,
Where the mellow moonbeams lay,
And the scented sweets of summer
With the zephyrs were at play,
There a maiden wandered musing,
O'er the treasures past pursuing,
And the blissful moments choosing—
Passed along the river shore,
Just a single moon before,
Down along the river shore.

From out the fading crimson
Came the bright and twinkling stars,
And the queen of night was gently
Letting down her silver bars.
When across the southern heavens
Rolled the chariot of Mars;
As this maiden was musing there,
Startling noises, strange and rare,
Swept along the odorous air.

"Sounding through the distant gloom—
'T was the cannon's sullen boom,
Sounding through the distant gloom.
The soft and shadowy clouds
Soon new forms and features took,
And a mystic panorama
Passed before her wondering look.
With the scenes traced out as clearly
As the pictures in a book.
With rattling drum from tented camp
Came out the heavy measured tramp,
And each bold chieftain bore the stamp,
On to victory or death!
Rang the shrill and fiery breath,
On to victory or death!

Then above these marshaled legions
Rose their streaming banners high,
Where the gleaming stars of Freedom
Shone from out their azure sky,
And with glittering bayonets fixed,
Rushed the charging columns by;
Then mid the clank of clashing steel,
Broke forth the cannon's crashing peal,
And the dense cohorts away and reel.
Shattering bomb with fendish breath,
Bursting on the trembling earth,
Swells the crimson tide of death.

Where the battle raged fiercest,
And the smoke in volumes rolled,
There, upon a dashed charger,
Rushed a youthful warrior bold,
Whom the very gods had fashioned,
O'er the noblest knightly mould;
His brow their seals had set upon,
And rightly styled Achilles' son;
Where'er he led the field was won,
And the stubborn foe to rout,
With victory's stunning shout,
Put the stubborn foe to rout.

O'er him passed ambition's smile
As he saw the wreath of fame
In glory circling round his brow,
And heard the loud acclaim.
Of peans ringing forth his praise
From many a lofty name;
But ere the smile of triumph fled
He lay upon a warrior's bed,
Among the dying and the dead;

"O'er Potomac's sunny wave
There he fell, the young, the brave,
O'er Potomac's silver wave
Then pallid grew this maiden's cheek,
Her form a tremor shook,
Her pulses ceased to come and go,
All strength her limbs forsook;
She sank upon the dew grass,
With a wild and trance-like look;

But as the gathering dew-drops fell
Upon her brow, they broke the spell,
Her loosened tongue made haste to tell
The rare beauties she had seen,
Far beyond life's shifting stream—
Wondrous beauties she had seen!

Then o'er this quiet valley
Glowed a golden atmosphere,
And soft celestial music
Broke in sweetness on the ear,
And through the diaphanous light
Came a spirit hovering near,
With radiant smiles this maiden greets,
And softly sings of Cupid's sweets,
And this one saying oft repeats:
"This vision is truly real!
I'm coming my vows to seal;
This vision is truly real!"

Then from Elysian's flowery fields
Came dazling virgins fair;
Æolian music of the skies
Floated down the amber air,
And mid the crystal splay groves
Hymen reared an altar there;
And bride and bridegroom thither led—
Ambrosial sweets their fragrance shed,
Where earth and sky together wed:
Seraphs of the nuptials sung;
Heaven's richest curtains hung,
Round the couch where angels sung!

On the morrow's early dawning,
When the lightning's iron tongue
Flashed far o'er hill and dale,
Spread the fatal news along,
Many heads were bowed in grief,
And many hopes and hearts unstrung,
Though many hearts were in the tomb,
Yet on this maiden fell no gloom;
She had met her spirit-bridegroom,
Down along the river side;
He came to claim her his bride,
Down along the river side.

Then down this quiet valley,
Where the Hudson winds its way,
There this maiden often wanders
In the twilight soft and grey;
O'er the golden sea of fancy
With the bridegroom far away;
And those blissful moments choosing
All the Heavenly land pursuing,
And from out this holy musing,
"Shall be lifted nevermore,"
Down along the river shore,
"Shall be" parted "nevermore!"

Written for the Banner of Light.
WINNING THE MINISTER.
A Tale not Founded on Truth, but the Truth.
BY MYRA K. ELLTON.

CHAPTER I.
"Nelly, have you heard our new minister?"

"Yes, I have heard him several times."

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"I think him intellectual, gentlemanly, and he may be a true Christian. I hope he is."

"That is my opinion, exactly, with the exclusion of that clause expressing doubt of his genuine religion. But I do n't care a fig for that. I'm going to attend all the evening meetings he appoints, and if there is any such thing as a change of heart, I mean to get mine changed; and he must keep his eyes open, or his may meet with something of a change. For, let me tell you, Nelly, he is well worth winning. I am not going to any more balls this season, so William Raymonde may look elsewhere for somebody to wait and take sleigh-rides with. The fact is, he is a little verdant compared with the minister. One must not look for as much ease in manners, and all that sort of thing, in a lad of nineteen, as a man of thirty. But I am not ambitious to be the subject of Will's first practice in love-making—not I. I'd rather be under the tutelage of a savior in its tactics. He is fine looking to be sure, but will not compare favorably with Mr. De Laoy. I think him, without any exception, the most splendid man I ever saw."

"Mary Andrews, I, your humble friend, Nelly, do not like to hear you speak so triflingly on so momentous a subject. I hope you will consider well what step you are taking, else you may tread on some rolling stone which will plunge you headlong to the ground, and you will be glad to have William Raymonde stoop to pick you up."

"A sigh for myself, Nelly! Now, you have commenced one of your everlasting lectures. Just so sure as I say one word about setting my cap for anyone, you commence. I think it is perfectly right and proper that we consider all these things, and not only consider, but act. What is the difference between winning a husband at a prayer-meeting or at a ball?"

"Pardon me, Mary, for offending you. There is no difference, providing one acts honorably in both cases."

"Then what are you harping about?"

"Let us drop the subject, for I perceive you are not in the right frame of mind to comprehend my ideas at present, and I tremble for you when I think perhaps you never will until it is too late. Good night, Mary; here is a kiss for you, and we will meet again soon, as good friends as ever."

Nelly darted out at the door for her own dear home. "I must hasten," she said to herself, as she few fast as her feet could carry her over the frozen ground, "for mother must be tired; she has worked all day, and I have been resting so long; a time. Well, never mind; I will work very swift, when I get home. Let me see—what will I do first? I will wash the children, put them to bed, darn the stockings, get all their clean clothes laid out—for to-morrow will be Sunday, and I intend mother shall go to church if she likes. Then I will read that new book I have commenced. But here I am, at home so soon. I almost hate to go in out of the moonlight and starlight, but I only pass into heartlight and daylight."

"Why, mother, what are you doing?" and where are all the children?"

"I have just washed and put them all snug in bed. Now if you'll get the clean clothes for morning, I'll darn the stockings, and you may read aloud this evening, if you wish."

"Darkest mother, how

"All right, go until I get ready," and turning round, she took a large looking-glass from the wall, and placed it on the floor. "There," said she, "now I am going to see what position will be most becoming."

She knelt, folded her hands above her head, and took a survey of herself from head to foot. "Oh, how I wish I had some of Nelly's beauty!" she said; "I'd not shut myself up in doors, and tend babies for my mother. Beauty bestowed on her is just thrown away; she does not seem to prize it one bit. I have just thought of a plan concerning my dress. Tinsel and frippery are no adornment to piety. How a statue of the Virgin Mary would look with rings, bracelets, and ear-jewels or a flounced dress even! I must lay off some of my fummies. Let me see; that drab merino which I have always detested on account of its plainness, will be just the thing wanted now. But hold! off with those velvet bows; little fingers be nimble; you are working for your own future ease, I hope. You may belong to the minister's wife, and not Mary Andrews in the course of time. There, now; the dress is plain enough to suit a Quakeress. But, my hat. Who does not like the graceful sweep of a waving plume? I dislike to remove that, and I will not; but this gay bunch of roses, and some of those French rosebuds nestling down in this cloud of blonde, must come off. Then here are five great tassels on my cloak. Let me see them every one off."

Jingle, jingle, went her jewelry into its place. "Now, I must see how my suit will look; but the kinks must come out of my hair first," and she patted it smoothly over her low forehead. "Dear me!" she said, half to herself, and half aloud: "I do wish plain clothes were more becoming to me! I never knew before what a difference dress makes in one's appearance. But, never mind. I will bring him out of the kinks after he has promised to be mine through thick and thin."

"Tea, tea, tea! I must go down to tea. Glad would I be if there were no such thing. It always comes when one is in a hurry."

Down stairs she went, completely out of sorts with everything around her. "Dear me, mother, I don't know what you are thinking about, expecting me to eat such a cold supper as this?"

"I will tell you what I am thinking, Mary," said Mrs. Andrews; "that you will probably know enough to come when you are called next time, for if you do not, be assured you will take the same fare as now. I cannot conceive what you have been doing up stairs all this time."

CHAPTER III.

Nothing was known concerning Mr. De Laoy in the quiet village of C—, except that a month or two previous to the present, a gentleman, purporting to be a minister of the Gospel, travelling for his health, had stopped at widow Hamilton's, and engaged board for a month. An invitation was extended to him to preach in the village church, which he most courteously accepted, saying he would like to settle for a year or two in some pleasant little town like C—. He had preached to the people several Sabbaths. His sermons were delivered with enthusiasm such as one seldom witnesses. At one moment he would have his whole audience in tears, at another they would be convulsed with laughter over some hunting or fishing excursion which he employed to illustrate his brilliant ideas. All the young ladies and their mammae felt a deep interest in their souls' salvation, and did not hesitate to ask the advice and prayers of the minister. He was the subject of their idol worship, and, as women are apt to do, they placed implicit confidence in their spiritual teacher.

At the time our story opens, they had come to look upon him as very perfect, and very Christ-like. A subscription paper had been circulated, and enough raised to pay him five hundred dollars for the ensuing year. Many were asking prayers and enlisting in the army of the Lord under his vicarage De Laoy. Among the number of anxious ones, was Mary Andrews. She had been forward to the anxious-seat once or twice, and manifested a strong inclination to become a follower of Christ. Her sins, to all appearances, seemed to her to be ready to crush her into an early grave. The minister's sympathy was unbounded. Fervent prayers were offered up in her behalf, whispered advice spoken, and exhortations pressingly given. Mary had been out all the week evenings to prayer-meetings, and it had not tended to make her any more amiable than usual. Sabbath morning she came down to the little parlor, attired in her new suit, to go to church.

"Why, Mary," said Mrs. Andrews, "how like a very owl you look! I hope you are not going to church with those clothes on. If you are thinking of catching Mr. De Laoy in that way, I can tell you you will not succeed. Ministers know what is pretty and what is not, as well as other people; and I know by his looks Mr. D. would walk half a mile in a thunder shower to kiss a sweet mouth. There is no deceiving me."

"Want you to be kind enough to take a good large bite of that apple and let that stop your croaking. It is bad enough, to be sure, the sacrifice I am making, without having it thrown in my face that I do not look well. I'll try to manage my own affairs. I'll fall, it will not be lack of experience in that way."

She pulled out of the door, and started for church. "I will go by Nelly's, and borrow her Hymn Book," said she.

A few moments' walk brought her to Mrs. Day's residence. "Nelly, darling, will you lend me your Hymn Book and Bible, just for to-day," she said, in a pleading way, wiping a tear from her eyes.

"No! My Hymn Book and Bible shall not go to church in company with such a hypocritical creature as you are."

Mary took a sudden leave, without so much as saying good-morning to her friend, saying to herself, "Yes, Nelly is an angel. She claims to be so meek and mild! Judging from symptoms, I guess she will be translated before long. I'll rather raise such a breeze that she can ascend in it to her celestial home."

"My child," said Mrs. Day, "Nelly went about her housework, I say, did you speak so rudely to her?"

"Mother, I am thoroughly disgusted with her."

trickery. I can hardly treat her with respect. The last evening I spent with her she was very communicative, and told me what her intentions are. I should blush to tell you all she said. But I was most pained to hear her speak of William Raymonds with such contempt. She says she shall go to no more balls this season, and that Mr. Raymonds will be obliged to look elsewhere for a lady to go with him. Now you know he has never taken her only with me, and the last time he took her to a party I suggested it myself—an idea which William did not very well like; however, he is too much of a gentleman to refuse gratifying the wishes of a young lady. William's standing in society is such that Mary can never tarnish it. Honor is safe."

"If we would all consider how slight a basis we have to build anger upon, I venture to say there would not be one angry word spoken where there are twenty as it is. Do you not see you are bringing yourself on a level with her by speaking as you did this morning?"

Nelly burst into tears, flung her arms around her mother's neck and implored her forgiveness, saying she was wrong, and would not blame Mary for her folly, but try to avoid like evils herself.

Mary was very sanctimonious at church, shook her musk-perfumed handkerchief, and seemed to be on the way to speedy forgiveness. She invited Mr. De Laoy home with her to tea, but he declined going, saying he would be happy to call for her to go to church with him in the evening. Evening came. Mary went to the door to look for him, but could not see him.

"Now is just the time," she said, "to practice my tableaux before the class."

She knelt, clasped her hands above her head, and remained like a petrified saint. So absorbed was she that she did not hear Mr. De Laoy, and was unconscious of his presence until his arm was thrown around her and she was drawn closely to his embrace.

"Come," said he; "this twilight is beautiful; but let us walk to the house, my young saint, and when you are ready we will go to church. I have many things to tell you as we go along."

Mary that evening met with a change of heart. She afterwards took great interest in Sabbath school, prayer meeting, and visiting the poor, and Mr. De Laoy was her almost constant companion. Both seemed equally well pleased with each other, and the signs were propitious for a marriage in the little white church.

CHAPTER IV.

The months flew as if they were winged. It was a bright August morning, liquid with dew and bird songs. Nature seemed newly touched by the hand of the great Creator, which, to witness, was to hold one's breath and admire. The church-bell pealed out its solemn ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, as if by its loud noise to speak to the great All-Father, "here is where we worship; come this way, Lord." People of both sexes were hurrying to the house of worship. As the congregation passed in, they observed a lady clad in mourning sitting in the front pew, facing the pulpit. A widow's veil of thick black crape she kept drawn closely over her face.

The services commenced in the usual manner by singing and prayer. The minister arose to take his text, looking very fine and hopeful, when the black, mysterious stranger, rushed up the aisle, ascended the pulpit, snatched aside her veil, and with one maniacal laugh clutched De Laoy's hair and tore a wig off, which revealed a head as bald and shiny as the top of the belfry. She seemed at that moment, to possess the strength of a maniac. For she had no sooner flung the wig, than she pushed him against the wall, forced his mouth open, and brought out a complete set of false teeth, and threw them on the floor. She then turned around as coolly as if nothing had happened, and with a pistol cocked in one hand, and a paper in the other, she commenced reading, or repeating aloud, the marriage certificate of John Gay and Anna Bond, by the Rev. D. McDonald.

She still faced the audience, and said, "I am Anna Bond," and pushing the minister forward, so as to give all a chance to see him, she said, "I here present to you my lawful husband, John Gay, in his real character. The sermons he has been preaching to you, are sermons he stole from the Rev. Henry Whittier. It was through them I got track of him. Some of them have been published in your village paper." She said, "I have a more natural and necessary occupation for John Gay than duping the world in the name of Religion. His five worse than orphan children at home have need of bread and clothes, and my poor hands of rest." She drew his hand in her arm and dragged him out of the church, while the audience hissed and denounced him, and the old ladies screamed lest that pistol would go off. The next moment a fearful scream was heard, and Mary Andrews fell fainting to the floor. William Raymonds sprang to catch her; conveyed her to a close carriage, and drove her to her own home, where she was placed upon a bed of suffering, to body and soul, which words could ill picture. During the weary weeks, a feeble, puny child awoke to a life which could be colder than an Arctic Winter, with not one to smile a welcome.

William Raymonds has completed his law studies, and is admitted to the bar. Around behind that little pine grove is a pretty white cottage, nearly finished, which is to receive its inmates in a few weeks, who are to be William Raymonds and his wife, Nelly Day Raymonds. A prophecy of bright days we give them.

WALNUT GROVE FARM.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. ANNIE HOWE, ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE OLIVIA.

Mourn not although the head lies low,
That thou wast wont to press;
Mourn not that no more here below
Thou'lt feel his sweet caress;
He lives where all of grief is o'er,
His radiant mind will freely soar
With angels on that brighter shore
Non-loves his mother here;
Mourn not although that darling boy
Grew not to manhood here;
But let thy heart expand with joy,
That he has taught to fear;
Temptations will not cross his way,
To make him struggle day by day;
And over right and wrong he prays—
Or pain those near and dear;
Mourn not, for know that he has gone
A little while before thy dawn;
He'll welcome thee on that bright morn'
When thou wilt mourn no more;
The angel choir will gladly sing
No harp will rest with broken string!
But joy triumphant, they will sing
When thou hast gained that shore.
New Bedford, Sept., 1862.

HOME-SICKNESS.

My thoughts are flying homeward, ever homeward,
Like bright winged birds, when the long day is o'er,
And twilight tints of home are bringing
Dreams of the dear ones I may see no more.
I close my eyes, and gentle memory takes me
To that dear home where I so long to be;
I gaze once more on dear familiar faces,
Until fast falling tears blot all from me.
The tears are real, but the dream has perished,
And I awake in silence, and alone,
Far, far from all I've ever loved and cherished,
Weary and sad in my lone forest home.
The shadows close around me, dark and darker,
With crushing weight they fall upon my heart,
As if to tell me, in those dear home pleasures,
That I—an exile—have no further part.

I. M.

Original Essays.

"AND THEY SHALL LEARN WAR NO MORE."

BY E. T. BARNETT.

Whether the "prophet Isaiah," who, some thousands of years ago, uttered the above concerning the nations, had reference to a time when his own people, including their neighbor tribes, should be delivered, or at least freed from existing captivities—the horrors of war and the general distress of the masses which follow as a natural consequence in the wake of destructive contention, or whether he was enabled to look down the vista of time, even to generations which are to follow the present times—to generations yet unborn, is of but small import when compared with the state of things which would be necessary to the fulfillment of such a prophecy—a condition of human affairs among all people which shall fully warrant the assertion that the nations do not "learn war any more."

I lay no claims to any particular clairvoyance, or gifts of prophecy, as is claimed by many for men in olden time. But it is plain to me that the days of "peace on earth and good will toward men," or "millennium," if you choose, will soon begin.

As individuals and communities are cured of their sins by the effect of the same—learning to avoid the wrong as the burned child does the fire, being educated by their errors or mistakes—so, in like manner, do the nations learn in the school of experience. However slow this process may be, still it is none the less sure in its operations. Our own present war, however distressing it may appear, is only one more of the travail-pains of collective humanity—one more throes of Nature, in her manifestations through the mediumship of man. It is one more step toward better human conditions. It is a legitimate effect of national mistakes, or sins; but the serpent of "evil," or wrong, will die from its own inherent poison. "The wages of sin is death" to the same, in the final outcome. This effect of the law of "sin" may be more readily discovered in generalities than in specialities. And though humanity is composed of individuals, as the earth is of particles, still there is a oneness of the whole which should be kept in mind while examining the subject under consideration.

In order to present the object of this article more plainly, I would have the reader go back a little on the life-line of humanity, and observe that the thought of war is by slow but sure degrees becoming more and still more repulsive to the mind of the masses of civilization. This growing disposition to leniency may be observed in the less frequency of cold-blooded massacres. It is seen in the people in reference to the subject of capital punishment, in the improved treatment of the inmates of our prisons, and in general legislation. It is seen in the churches, in their modified thoughts of God, and the gradual rejection of the dogma of "eternal fire and brimstone" for the punishment of the wicked, &c.

While there is room for immense improvement in all departments of life, still the movement of the civilized mind in this direction in all countries, however slow, is still very apparent. I am aware that the correctness of this position will be disputed by some, and present barbarities occurring in our own country referred to as proof; but while the latter idea may be correct in a few isolated special cases, in generalizing it will not appear that the objection to my position is well founded. But it will appear that as man's higher nature continues to be awakened by the genial influences of civilization and culture, in the same degree will be exhibited a higher and improved tone of character, producing a continued growth in this feeling against human hostilities, which feelings is destined to be greatly augmented by the continual improvements in munitions of war, which are so rapid that the great things of one generation are common as playthings with the next. With these things in view, what may we expect, or what may we not expect, in the way of machinery for the destruction of life and property in time to come?

It is now clearly shown, by recent experiments in the single article of iron-clad gunboats, that with a little additional experience and ingenuity, they can be rendered adequate to almost any task of destruction within their range. And it is not certain that they may not be made invulnerable to each other. A few more years of progress in the line of internal machinery, and great increase in numbers, will render the proprietors of all our common shipping—steamboats and shore property in general—liable to the necessity of according to almost any demand made upon them by a few approaching depredators, thus armed and equipped. And should there be fortifications erected, and heavy ordnance brought to bear sufficient to resist such attacks, it would be the occasion of a ruinous expense, all along the extensive navigation borders of every country and kingdom. And even then, a vast city would be but poorly protected against a fleet of steam and steel, capable of raising metallic ballistones upon it, and fire mingled with the hail, at a distance of a league or more from the fate of a city.

When it comes to this stage of the game, with almost insupportable "improvements," some of which are probably as yet unthought of, who cannot see that the entire abolition of war will have become an imperative necessity, and that nations be driven together to common compromise through the force of pressing circumstances? The national sin of war will then have worked out its own cure to a world-wide extent. All real knowledge is born of sorrow or loss pain. One man may be slain, may take knowledge of the error and consequences of pain of another, but some portion of humanity must give birth to the child. Error and wrong, however dreaded,

are only mistakes of humanity; they become Nature's whip-lashes to scourge us off of forbidden ground into the path of rectitude, and keen is the smart so long as we do not obey her stern demands. And as individuals are thus corrected, so will the nations, under the effect of that knowledge, which is gained through painful experience, be brought in to more and still more harmonious relations with themselves and each other. It cannot, in the nature and fitness of things be otherwise.

And as the spirit of barbarism is slowly but surely waning in the great mass of the civilized mind, like the shadows of night at morning's dawn, and the horrors and destructiveness of war is on the increase, both influences converging toward the same centre or point of ultimatum, the observing mind can but have strong assurances that the time is comparatively near when war itself will have proved to have been man's salvation from the same. With this in view, then, the present condition of humanity may well be determined, by the nature of the means necessary to their education, and their introduction to conditions in which they will be no longer inclined to "learn war" any more. When the useful metal and the powers in Nature will be turned to man's benefit alone, and when the people will prize their then advanced condition all the higher by an honest comparison of the same with the barbarity of our present times. But it may be truly urged that there is less destruction of life in modern warfare than when munitions of war were fewer and less perfect. I blush for humanity when I remember the fact that the loss of property will, and does, have a greater influence in the direction of reform than does the loss of life, for the reason that generally the life is lost by the poor—by that class of people who have but little influence upon the controlling powers of the world; but the property is lost by another class—the wealthy and the influential. Even now in our midst there is far more said about the stagnation in business and the anticipated taxes than there is of the loss of life in the army.

I apprehend that a destruction of the entire property of a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, though not a single life be lost, would have quite as much effect toward a general war-reform as though one hundred thousand poor soldiers had stained the battle-field with their hearts' blood. Which "or is gored" makes a vast difference in the result. Must I say that when we make inroads upon wealth we have effectually touched the loadstone of the world's greatest attraction? When speaking of money, we are not very wide of the mark in calling it the "almighty dollar." The wholesale loss of the dollar, then, in connection with that of life, and the inestimable mischief attendant upon war, is destined to drive the nations together in national union, resulting in something like a Congress of Nations, and a World's Court, to be established, arranged and carried out as circumstances shall then dictate. Let the strongest nations once agree to effect this, and the weaker ones will come in like chickens under the protecting wing, as a matter of stern necessity. Then will national troubles be settled as the differences of individuals now are. And why not? I will not contend that there would be no difficulties attending such a state of affairs, but when compared with the trouble and expense of war, they would sink into utter insignificance. Even though strict justice may not at all times be meted out by such court, yet it will be far more likely to do right than where might makes right.

I would like to say much more on this momentous subject, and refer to the common tendencies of war, and the value of peace, for it seems to me that the civilized world has had bitter experience enough in the midwifing effects of war, to begin, at least, to profit by the tremendous lessons of the past and present. But if the world's cup of sorrow has not been sufficiently filled up, then is this or any other effort to successfully call the world's attention to this subject entirely futile and premature? But I am impressed that it is high time that this subject was begun to be agitated. It is time an intellectual war was declared against physical war. It is time the world was being controlled more by the fore-brain, and less by the back-brain—just as necessary for the well-being of the world at large, as for individuals or communities. It is time, high time, that the world began to learn wisdom, and cease being an immense fool. And if proof of this were needed, we might spend almost any length of time in summing up the loss of precious life—the trouble and anguish of bereavements—the expended labor and treasure, and destroyed property. Once think of the vast and splendid institutions which could be established with such amounts of means, and how much mankind might be benefited and his condition ameliorated. It does seem as though there must be philanthropic talent enough in the world at this time, were it once fairly aroused, to move the moral world from center to circumference. It is a consideration of the hurt of war, and the value of peace, as compared with it, that has given rise to this feeble effort. It is earnestly hoped that there are thousands of hearts already affected, who will give a spontaneous and ready response to the feeling herein expressed. There is material in this subject for volumes of suggestive thought. Men will differ on this as on all other important subjects, but let them differ; "let truth and error grapple," and then

"Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

I close for the present, hoping that abler pens will do justice to this world-wide, important subject. The people of all civilized nations are cognizant of the wrongs of war which shows a readiness, more or less, to begin at least to appreciate wholesome suggestions, which look toward a final and interminable peace as their ultimate effect.

Dubuque, Iowa.

CHRIST AMONG REFORMERS.

BY D. J. MANDELL.

In a BANNER of somewhat recent date, I remember of having been an article by our well-beloved brother, G. W. B. Williams. The main point of the article appeared to be to warn Christians against any confidence in Jesus as a Redeemer, against the idea of a personal Saviour outside of themselves, affirming that Truth alone has the saving efficacy, &c. This idea, like other ideas which Spiritualists have magnetically taken, or socially absorbed, and with which they are becoming rather disgusted, has been deeply impressed on many minds, and is destined to pass away. The argument for it is founded entirely on the material, and not on the true Gospel representation of Christ, and the appeal for, made

from the wrongful misrepresentations of priestly misconception, rather than from the genuine acceptance of the generous and beautiful fact. Not but that the idea that Truth is the redeeming element is correct. Jesus himself taught this, saying: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But the claim of the individual is also as distinct and unequivocal as that of the truth he teaches, or for which he suffered and died. If you say, "What is the man without the truth?" I say with equal force, "What is the truth without the man?" who imparts, enforces, and vitalizes it, with lip and life, and it may be with self-sacrificing example and agonizing death?

Because a *line* is thrown out to a drowning person, is the line, the *only* thing to be taken into account in the transposition? Is the hand that is extended to the rescue nothing? And, above all, is the noble mind, the benevolent spirit, the ready friend, who steps forth to the rescue, not in the least to be considered? The principles of common gratitude incite the appropriate and necessary answer.

But there is more than the Principles of Gratitude involved here. There is a deep, a profound, and a touching philosophy embraced, and yet a philosophy simple and matter-of-fact enough for the understanding of a child.

On these points, however, we will say nothing more at present. The idea that Spiritualism is to *finish* Christianity, (or supersede it,) is very far from being a *finished* idea, and will doubtless "finish" itself before it has gone much further. Well may A. J. Davis reply, that he "has nothing to say," when recently invited to a friendly "platform;" for, with other mediums, in common, he is rapidly passing through a modification of his former ideas, and adopting that higher inspiration which is leading on toward *actual* Christianity. His recent writings are full of this "progress," and he will doubtless leave the field awhile for those who *hate* "something to say" in this direction.

Parties who are striving to monopolize the "Educational" plans, on the basis that these and those "are not brothers," and in the notion of railway at the Bible, &c., will probably find their programme falling short of true success. *Christianity is more than "Harmony."* And when I find liberal and really high-minded clergymen advocating such narrow and meagre views of the demonstration of immortality in Christ, as I heard last Sunday, I think it is high time for Spiritualists or somebody else to consider and take up those more blessed and broader conceptions of the Redeeming Jesus, which are correspondent with his *own estimate* of himself.

Athol Depot, Mass.

Sabbath Schools.

DEAR BANNER—I have long observed, and with great pleasure, too, the ready sale and great demand of the one little Spiritual Sabbath School Book advertised in the BANNER. I am satisfied that whole Sabbath School Libraries might be sold as frequently as this one little book, if we had them. We Spiritualists of the West, who all our lifetime were subject to bondage, since the light of the Spiritual Philosophy has dawned upon our minds feel as though we want nothing more to do with "such unfruitful works of darkness." Neither can we, while rejoicing in the light of this new Gospel, with consistency subject our children to the trammels of creeds, and to hear, Sabbath after Sabbath, the doctrine impressed upon their plastic minds of a "certain hell and doubtful heaven." Therefore, to be consistent, many of us keep our children from all so-called Orthodox Sabbath Schools.

How many thousand Sabbath Schools would spring up all over the land could a cheap library be procured as a foundation. How many Spiritualists living in sparsely settled districts would take their team on a Sabbath day and travel four or five miles to bring their children to a Spiritual Sabbath School and to meet kindred spirits, and talk over this soul-enobling philosophy, to be strengthened in the faith, and go on their way rejoicing.

The very novelty of a Spiritual Sabbath School would attract many, and the sweetness, beauty and truthfulness of the Harmonical Philosophy would convert all who would tarry long enough to compare its desirableness with the raw head and bloody bones of old Orthodoxy. Now I wish to make a proposition to the readers of the BANNER, and to all of the long list of lecturers advertised in the BANNER, especially. It is this: That all who feel that they possibly can spare the time shall try their hand at writing a Sabbath School Book, and make a donation of their production to the cause and send them to the editor of the BANNER, who shall by himself, or a committee, examine, revise, correct, lengthen, or curtail them, as they think proper, and furnish them to the trade at the mere cost of revision, printing and binding.

Thus would a Spiritual Sunday School Library spring into existence, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and its blessings be felt through all eternity. If this proposition meets the approbation of the editor, I shall try my hand at one, at least.

Chenao, Ill. S. W. RICHMOND.

[A good idea, Brother.]

Idleness has of late become a fashionable accomplishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is getting to be thought too vulgar, and a toll hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give us a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but, instead of which, soft hands, soft heads, and hard hearts are now all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the *beau monde*. The caterpillars of sloth are making great havoc in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage, and blighting the buds of enterprise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scare crows in the moral grain fields, to frighten young people into habits of industry.

Our Bed-Rooms.—Our bed-rooms are too often fit only to die in. The best are those of the intelligent and affluent, which are carefully ventilated; next to these come those of the cabins and ruder farm-houses, with an inch or two of vacancy between the chimney and the roof, and with cracks on every side, through which the stars may be seen. The cold, and plastered bed-rooms, wherein too many of the middle classes are lodged, with no other apertures for the ingress or egress of air but the doors and windows, are horrible. Nine-tenths of their occupants rarely open a window, unless compelled by excessive heat, and very few are careful even to leave the door ajar. To sleep in a six-by-ten bed-room, with no aperture admitting air, is to court the ravages of pestilence, and invoke the speedy advent of death.

"John," said Dean Ramsey, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stone gathers no moss?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what good the moss does to the stone?"

Child, for the piano, by J. A. Wright; Buds from the
Faust, era, No. 37, "Don Giovanni," No. 39, "I Maschietti";
"Daisy Polka," by W. Williams.

Meetings of the Lyceum Church.

On Sunday, the 27th of September, Mrs. M. E. Townsend lectured before the Spiritualists of this city, afternoon and evening. Although the rain poured down in torrents the Hall was nearly full, and all were well pleased with the instructive lectures from this favorite speaker. In the afternoon, after reading a satirical poem, and offering prayer, she improvised a poem and delivered a lecture on the Teachings of Nature, enforcing the truth that all life is progressive. Every grade of animate or inanimate life presents a determination to organize. Vegetation is ever speaking to us of organic arrangements. In the mineral kingdom changes are constantly taking place. Science establishes the idea that progression has left its impress on all the varieties of the vegetable and animal kingdom. Man is the crowning point in the world of creation. Decay is also stamped upon everything; there can be no advancement unless the material is first destroyed. The chilling frosts of winter are necessary to add this change. All the material elements are disintegrated and thrown to the winds, while the vital fluids retreat to the roots, beyond the reach of the frosts and snows that mantle the earth. But Nature rejuvenates the earth, and it springs forth in vastly more resplendent beauty and with increased productions. So with man: while disease is stalking through his system he is being rejuvenated, undergoing the change which is necessary before he enters the spiritual and immortal state of existence. Man is an organic institution, subject to the same law of change as everything around him. This change and rejuvenation is necessary, that the world may be glorified and man be regenerated. Man is destined to be something more than he now is. All religious institutions are changing, and their creeds are mouldering in the dust; and while you behold the Church going down, you should reach forth and take from it what Spirituality it has and put it to a better use. Political, civil and military institutions are being subjected to this law of change—the anarchy winds are howling around them. A re-organization of a higher and more beautiful order will be the result—the grandest institutions the nations of earth have ever beheld.

The nation, we have not practised upon the principle of right and justice, as the enslavement of our millions of white slaves and four millions of black slaves groaning in bondage will testify. We have pretended to be a United States, but have always been contending, in order to maintain this great evil, slavery, in the land. But those miserable institutions are to be crushed to the earth, and such changes take place as will make the blood course thrillingly through your veins. We look upon this war as a Godsend, for it will build up a better state of things. Hasten on the glorious time, for the hosts of heaven are gathered to bless mankind.

In the evening, after the usual exercises by the choir, Mrs. Townsend read the poem, "Hand to hand, with angels through this world we go," after which she offered a prayer to the Universal Spirit of Peace, and improvised another poem, and then gave a very earnest and impressive lecture on the subject of "Worshiping God in Spirit and in Truth." All Life, all Manifestation is quickened by the Spirit. God is a Spirit. In the beginning of creation, the Spirit quickened and brought into existence every thing that hath life, and the same Power is in operation as much to-day as then, and is silently working through all the mysterious ways of Nature. Spiritual manifestations are given to the world just in accordance with their ability to receive them. In the great workings of Nature nothing is neglected. The vegetable kingdom obtains all the aid it needs as fast as it can receive it. You are giving forth spiritual manifestations every day, in your endeavors to alleviate the distresses of humanity, thereby approaching the true worship of God in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritual truths are rolling into your ears and senses, and their elevating and ennobling influences will be felt in all coming time. The angel hosts are gathering to quicken your spiritual energies. You are beginning to cry out for freedom from priestcraft—from slavery.

All through the past ages your latent faculties have lain dormant—and why? Because you have been taught by the Church that you must not investigate this great subject, so vital to every human soul. But you are beginning to think for yourselves, and to reason for yourselves, and the Spirit will enlighten your understanding so that you can worship God in Spirit and in Truth. Spirituality is silently gaining a place in the mother's heart and comfort for her for the loss of her cherished idol. We have seen the old man who had tottered through life till he had reached the verge of the grave, doubting the immortality of the soul, all some spirit in angel-form tore away the life-worn, impenetrable veil from his eyes, and he obtained a glimpse of immortal life just before entering its eternal rest. While others have been so surrounded by the dark wall of bigotry, that the angels of light could not penetrate it, and they have passed on in darkness—to learn on the other side how to worship God in Spirit and in Truth. While another, who all his life has been enlightened, is knocking at the spiritual telegraph at the close of the lecture, she again improvised a poem, beginning,

We prophesy that your present forms of worship will pass away, and you will worship in spirit—not one day in the week, but all. You will not then clothe yourselves in your finest garments for the Sabbath day only, but all the days God has given us, worshiping him in Spirit and in Truth. Spirituality is teaching us something besides the immortality of the soul; it is teaching us morality, honesty, faithfulness to our neighbor, and our duty to our children, which, when faithfully performed, will enable them better to understand how to worship God. At the close of the lecture, she again improvised a poem, beginning,

Struggling through the storm and the tempest; and then read Longfellow's beautiful Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but a dream, a vain thing; For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Mrs. Townsend is an excellent orator, and delivers her lectures and poems in a pleasing and eloquent manner. This closes her engagement for the present. Many will gladly witness her again.

The Paris Press says that Spain has offered to send contingent to Mexico, but that France would not accept the offer. France sends thirty thousand men.

Strong in Death.

Many persons have a passion for "dying rich," even if they live poor to accomplish it. It was so with one of the colored cooks of the wrecked California steamer, Golden Gate, who took advantage of the panic to get together such loose gold and silver as the panic-stricken passengers had left in their state rooms and the cabins; and filling a couple of good-sized carpet bags with them, he took one in each hand, and a carving knife in his teeth, and jumped overboard. Did he swim ashore with his booty?—What a question! The person who reported the incident, declared that "he anchored himself alongside the wreck, and did not so much as show his nose above water!" At all events, he did what hundreds more of his fellow-creatures labor a lifetime to do—he died "well off in a pecuniary point of view."

Poverty and Neediness.

There is a distinction, yet who would have thought about it? Poverty—says Bulwer—is relative; neediness is a positive degradation. And he adds: "If I have only \$100 a year, I am rich compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have \$5,000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates; and very poor compared to my next door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy, or positively free from neediness. With the \$100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have my crust of bread and liberty. But with \$5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my financial masters in servitude whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the flat of the first long suffering man who enters a judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest to my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife."

Immigration.

There arrived in the United States between the years 1851 and 1860—a period of ten years—2,874,687 immigrants. Among these were 1,383,093 natives of Great Britain and Ireland; 76,563 of France; 48,887 of Prussia; 907,780 of Germany; 20,931 of Norway and Sweden; 25,011 of Switzerland; 69,809 of British America; 41,397 of China; besides numerous numbers of natives of almost every country in the world.

A Course of Sunday Morning Lectures at Lyceum Hall.

Dr. E. L. Lyon commences a series of Lectures at the above Hall, on Sunday, Oct. 12th, on The Divine Authenticity, or Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. First Lecture—Origin and History of the Old Testament. Services to commence at ten and a half o'clock. Opening lecture free.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

NOTICE.—Dr. Farnsworth, the medium for answering sealed letters, having left town, those who desire to hear from their spirit friends, in a similar manner, can do so by enclosing \$1.00 in each letter, and mailing it to our address. When no response is received, the fee will be returned.

Mrs. S. J. Young, Clairvoyant Medium, has removed from 583 Washington street to No. 80 Pleasant street.

The President's Emancipation Proclamation, as transmitted by telegraph, and printed in our last issue, read that the representation of any State in Congress on the 1st of January would be deemed conclusive evidence that "such State and the people thereof had not been in rebellion against the United States." The official copy, as printed in the National Intelligencer, instead of "have not been in rebellion," reads "are not then in rebellion." The difference is quite important.

PRINTERS PATRIOTS.—There are fifty-two printers belonging to the Boston Printers Union in the Federal Army, and seven in the Navy. This only includes about two-thirds of the whole number of the printers from this vicinity who have joined the Grand Army.

The Eleventh Battery of Light Artillery, Capt. Jones, has been ordered to Washington. It left the Camp, at Readville, on Friday last. They will receive their horses and guns on their arrival at the Capitol.

The understanding is lowered from association with inferiors. With equals it attains equality; but with superiors superiority. He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own.

The credit that is got by a lie, only lasts till the truth comes out.

An officer who was at the battle of Sharpsburg, says that he saw the "Green Flag" of General Meagher's Brigade go down five times out of sight, and as often reappear in conflict.

Mr. Colchester, the medium, has just returned from Europe, and may be found at 75 Beach street.

Drafting in this State has been postponed again. The time now assigned by the authorities for placing men in the ranks, outside of their free will, is the 15th inst. Those who would secure bounties are it be too late, should enlist forthwith.

A bachelor of our acquaintance, not yet quite forty-five, who has always been a great stickler for celibacy, was yesterday asked by a friend, why it was he kept so close to his wife. The bachelor, giving no satisfactory answer, was interrogated, Digby, who was present, you have said to me, that you are a bachelor. The gentleman was afraid of a wife.

Friend Gillett, the cigar dealer, at No. 125 Hanover street, is a bit of a wag; at the following will show: A penny-a-liner, one of our dailies, called at his office the other day, and asked Mr. G. if he did not want a puff put in the paper with which he (the liner) was connected. "No," was the prompt reply, my cigars puff themselves." The type took "natural heat."

There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I have me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can lay away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

According to the United States census of 1860, there were at that time about 750,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact represented in the census of any other civilized nation. "It must be that the older States there is an excess of females," in Massachusetts, 37,000 more females than males; while in Illinois there is an excess of 92,000 males; in Michigan, 40,000 excess of males; in Texas, 38,000; in Wisconsin, 40,000; in California, 37,000; and in Colorado there are twenty males to one female.

The Sanitary Commission, at the request of Gen. Halleck, advises the friends of our soldiers, to refrain from sending them articles which they suppose will add to the conveniences of camp life, as such articles scarcely ever reach their destination. This fact is corroborated by a soldier just returned from Washington. He says the friends of our soldiers, who send to the hospitals for patients, by their friends, are sent to the arsenals and surgeons, and that those who send such things are intended to be severely reprimanded. Those who fight the battles of this country should not be thus neglected, especially when they are unable to help themselves.

ANOTHER VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT.—The application of Steam to Photography is a new American invention. Mr. Charles Fontaine, of Cincinnati, has perfected a machine for printing photographs from the negative, at the rate of from two thousand five hundred to twelve thousand impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printing as ordinarily practiced. The illustrations of a book, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate printing or lithography. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative comes direct from the artist's hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

Burgeon Sayre, of the Bellevue Hospital, says most of the lint now in use is made, in great part, from cotton cloth. Cotton closes the wound, and produces an abscess above the opening. It is stated that there have been over two hundred deaths among the wounded soldiers brought to New York from this cause alone. Okum, on the contrary, drains the pus from the opening, and enables the wound to heal perfectly.

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to a military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it closely for some time; then threw up his hands and bawled: "Great God! Doctor, I can't drink all that!"

A Northern editor predicts that wool will be king. Prentice wants to know whether he means wool on the sheep's back, or on the head of a "contraband."

A watch was exhibited in the London Exhibition smaller than a pea set in a ring for a lady's finger; it goes for six hours, and is valued at twelve hundred dollars.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it instantly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

Gen. Lee is nearly starved out; it is said, and has got to retreat. Digby thinks it about time for him to be on a lee shore.

The Revenue Stamps intended for use on and after October 1st have not been received by the disbursing officer. Congress seems to have anticipated this case, and passed a special act to meet the exigency, which provides that no instrument on paper issued prior to the 1st of January, 1863, without being stamped, shall be deemed invalid on that account. Suits for the recovery of penalties can only be instituted by collectors, hence, if the stamps are not ready for use on the first of October, no injury or loss will result to the public.

THE BATTLES IN MARYLAND.—The official report of Gen. McClellan makes the Federal loss in the two battles 14,794. The rebel loss is said to be at least 30,000 men. We took from the enemy thirteen cannon, thirty-nine colors, and fourteen thousand small arms.

EDITORIAL DELIGHTS.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

If you have an evergreen, or Norway spruce, balsam fir, American spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud from every leading branch, all around and over the top. From the middle of next year, at this time, and your evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.—Indiana Farmer.

General Butler has organized, in New Orleans, a regiment of colored men, and it is the unanimous testimony of the general and all the officers under his command that they are capital soldiers in all that relates to drill and discipline, and that they will fight! General Butler is of the opinion that with 20,000 whites and the privilege of enlisting 50,000 blacks, he could crush the rebellion in the Cotton States in just ninety days.

AN EXPRESS TURNED EDITOR.—"La France" is a new journal which has suddenly sprung into existence, notoriety and influence in Paris, and the Express Englobe is said to be its chief editor and proprietor.

Lake Superior copper production has now reached to an amount more than half as great as the Cornwall mines of England. The average production of the latter is about thirteen thousand tons; that of Lake Superior for 1861 is seven thousand four hundred and fifty tons. The increase from 1860 is two thousand tons.

MASSACHUSETTS has, since this war begun, been outdone by no single State. She has been lavish, almost to wastefulness, of her men and money, considering that no sacrifice was too great for the nation could be saved. From the close of the war, she has been the Old Bay State has been elevated to great prominence in the contest for freedom now raging. And worthily has the position been filled. Nothing has been lacking, in the administrative agents of the people's will, to carry out their wishes fully and to fulfill the mission devolving upon the State. With weak or incompetent officials in high places, Massachusetts would never have filled the space in the public estimation, or exercised the influence in the councils of the Union, that now make her one of the most powerful of the United States. The status of the Commonwealth, in relation to other loyal States, was well illustrated in the Convention of Governors at Altoona, for the purpose of taking measures "for the more active support of the Government."—Transcript.

It has often been remarked that we are all a little better than our enemies think us; to which might safely be added, that we are all much worse than we think ourselves.

The Unitarian preacher of Fitchburg, Mass., not long since prayed for the rebels in this style: "O God I we pray thee, to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their condition by defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation." Amen say we to that.

Charles F. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., famous as an importer of foreign cattle, was seriously hurt a short time since by an Ayrshire bull, that he attempted to drive out of an enclosure. The animal tossed him fifteen or twenty feet, and gored him till driven off with piteous cries.

THE FIRST CASE OF EMANCIPATION.—Learn that today was disposed of the first case arising under the President's emancipation proclamation. Three negro "boys" were brought before Lieut. Col. Spies, Military Governor of the two counties of Cornwall and Putnam, yesterday morning, about ten o'clock. (The Cornwall emancipation was only published here in yesterday morning's papers.) They were obviously scared by Col. Spies, and testified that they had escaped from Kirby Smith's army; where they were employed as servants. When asked what their masters were like, they replied that their masters were "white men." When asked how they were going, they said they "didn't know," they "just ran." Col. Spies said that under the President's new proclamation, "white men" was plain; and to-day they were proclaimed "free papers" in the form, "What will the world be the first born" of the new order of things.—Happy triplets.—Cincinnati Cor. New York Times.

Correspondence in Brief.

Bao. L. K. CONLEY writes from Milwaukee, Wis., as follows: "We commenced our course of lectures here, Sept. 14. The audiences were very small, owing, it is said, to a lack of proper notice. In consequence of a pressing necessity at Burns, La Crosse Co., for our services for healing, as well as speaking, the friends in Milwaukee kindly granted us one week to devote as above. At Burns much interest is awakened in the cause of spiritual investigation. A very prominent Baptist deacon came out boldly and declared that he could not see any cause for the phenomena, except as claimed 'that it was the work of spirits.' He was equally interested in the lectures, and other powers manifested. By the assistance of the kind angels I was enabled, to examine, and describe to the friends the situation of a very sick lady, some two miles away from the grove. She was entirely helpless. By our gifts applied, in four days she could raise herself up in bed. Our services for healing soon became in great demand. The Methodist minister, though claiming that these gifts are the work of the Devil, permitted his wife to apply for our aid to relieve her of diseases which the professed godly doctors could not remove."

B. O'Connor writes from Belfast, Wis., as follows: "DEAR BANNER—You are of course aware of the death of my son, Col. Edgar O'Connor of the 2d Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. He was an ardent and intelligent Spiritualist. He, like Paul, could give a reason for the hope that was in him. He has given us such positive evidence of his spirit presence, that we have almost ceased to think of him buried on the battle-field. Oh, glorious thought, that though the bodies of our loved ones are in the grave, we know their spirits are with us, to love and to guide us. Edgar was our only child, and none but God can know the severity of this bereavement to us and were it not for the fact of knowing he is here with his affections entwined around us, life would hardly be supportable."

A correspondent writes: "I had been denouncing priestcraft, and recommending the BANNER, at the same time handing it to Rev. Mr. N. Rev. Mr. D., who was present, glancing his eye at the title, remarked: 'BANNER OF LIGHT—New Light' "No, sir," said Mr. G., "Old Light, shining through windows which have been darkened from various causes for many generations."

A correspondent writes: "In the BANNER of September 6, appears a communication from Battle Creek, Michigan, the sum and substance of which is that 'Animals do not pass from earth to the spirit-world.' On reading the same the following thoughts occur to me: 1st. Intelligence cannot be destroyed. 2d. All animals possess intelligence in a greater or less degree, consequently that intelligence exists forever. Further: the idea of spiders filling space methinks belittles an enlarged conception of space. G. M. D."

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND writes: "Those who have appreciated the noble life and example of our departed sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, who wish to express their sympathies to her mother, Mrs. Betsey Sprague, Plymouth, Vt., will rest assured that such communications will be gratefully received."

JACOB LANDIS writes from Middletown, Penn.:—"Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please send one copy of BANNER OF LIGHT to my address. Few persons but the direct believers in Spirituality, seem to know the real value of the paper which you publish. In my opinion many of the contributors think too fast, and write too fast. Their judgment being rather too weak for their imaginations. This is a great impediment to the circulation of the productions of Spiritualists among the practical portion of the public."

A correspondent at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes:—"The noble Banner, unfurled to the breeze of truth, comes to us richly laden with interesting news. God bless you and it. May it ever wave."

A subscriber writes: "The reason I like the BANNER is because of its liberality. I do not find it afraid to discuss a question because it is new to the world or novel in its character. My old address is Durand, Ill. I shall help to keep the BANNER afloat as long as I can earn thirteen dollars per month in the army. Long may it wave."

Announcements.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; H. B. Storor in Plymouth; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Taunton; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence in Marlborough; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Stafford, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Stockton, Me.; A. E. Simmons, in Windsor, Vt.; Charles A. Hayden in Bradford, Me.

Miss B. Anna Ryder will lecture in Milford, N. H., the last three Sundays of October, and will receive calls to lecture in that vicinity. Address as above, or Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon will lecture in Taunton the two last Sundays in October.

To Our Subscribers!

Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time which you subscribed is out. If you desire to continue the BANNER, we should be pleased to have you remit whenever the figures so correspond—otherwise, we shall know that you do not wish to renew. The adoption of this method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore, and at the same time keeps each subscriber posted in the matter.

Spirit Portraits.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT—I wish to inform those in Boston and vicinity, and New York City, who desire my services as an Artist-Medium, the coming Fall and winter, that I will, in company with my little guardian angel (wife), visit their families, and do what we can in taking the portraits they wish; if it be their desire we should do so. We shall fill but few orders per letter at present. My health being poor, I shall take no public rooms this winter. Those writing in regard to portraits will please enclose two red stamps, as their letters will, not be answered otherwise. The price of pictures ranges from \$10.00, upwards. My Post Office address is, for the present, Box 65, East Boston, Mass. Most truly yours, W. F. ARTHURSON. East Boston, Mass., Oct. 2nd, 1862.

THE ARCHES OF NATURE. This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

MR. COLOCHESTER,

TEST, BUSINESS AND PROPHETIC MEDIUM, having returned from Europe, has engaged rooms at 75 Beach street, where he can be consulted as usual. Sealed letters not answered by post. Oct. 11.

New Books.

NOW READY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK,

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of its price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,

DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. June 28.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Cooperatives. It gives an account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Huston, who is now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions. Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 28.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING

OF

S. B. BRITTAN, JR.,

AIDE to Capt. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the taking of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, is FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Price 50 CENTS.

It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp.

The proceeds of the sale of this Engraving are to go to aid in erecting a suitable monument over this youthful hero's remains in Rosendale Cemetery. July 19.

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

Sinclair Tousey,

121 Nassau St., New York, General Agent for

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Bookellers, Dealers in cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to his unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in his line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Those who are afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis or Asthma, may also be cured by the use of my Herbal Preparations. I will send this valuable prescription free to any person on receipt of their name. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 27 Oct. 4.

4317 PIECES

OF ASSORTED JEWELRY, FOR \$50.

ALSO,

WATCHES! WATCHES!!

WATCHES!!!

At Paris Prices. Trade List sent free.

Address, Salisbury Bro. & Co., Providence, R. I. Sept. 27.

O. L. GILLET, MANUFACTURER OF, AND DEALER IN,

HAVANA AND PRINCIPAL CIGARS,

36 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

(Or by Mail.) All orders promptly attended to. 16th Sept. 27.

PRODUCTS OF THE FARM.

M. & C. H. RYERSON,

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

RESPECTFULLY invite the patronage of the Farmers and Shippers of Farm Products to the New York Market, and will employ their best business talent and industry in selling and shipping whatever may be consigned to them, making prompt remittances. The undersigned will also give attention to the purchase of Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Groceries, for Parties residing out of the country. Address—M. & C. H. RYERSON, No. 122 Washington street, corner of DO.

NEW YORK.

18-B-BAYVIEW, New York Custom House.

